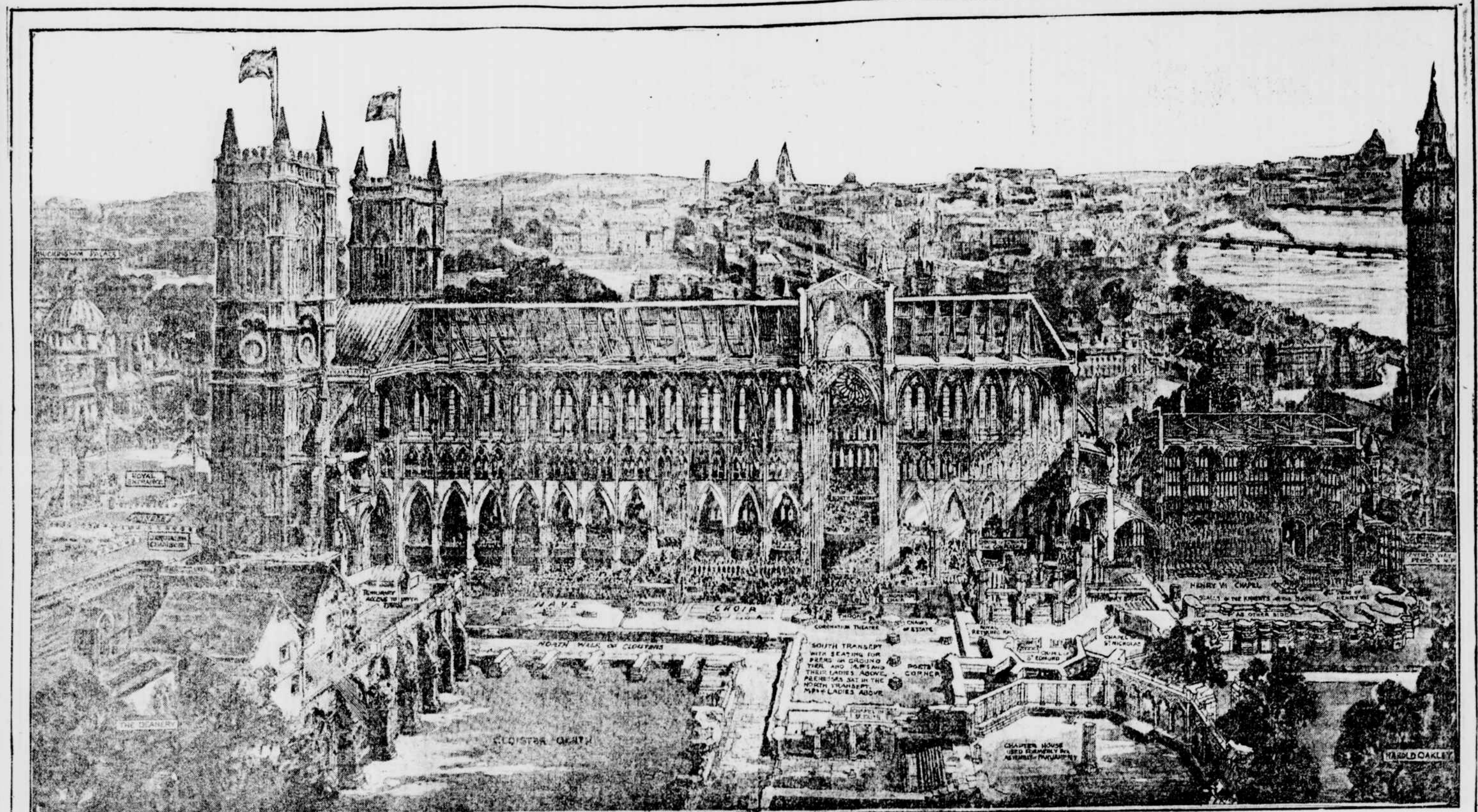


Pictorial Diagram of the Scene of the Recent Coronation of King George and Queen Mary

Showing the South Walls of Westminster Abbey Removed So as to Reveal the Interior Arrangement of the Historic Edifice for That Memorable Ceremonial.



On the extreme left is the roval entrance by temporary annex. The King and Queen passed in procession up the nave and through the choir to the theatre erected at the junction of choir, sanctuary and transepts. Their majesties passed by their thrones and proceeded to their chairs of estate on the south side of the altar. They remained there during the ceremony of the recognition, the sermon and the oath. For the pre-appointment service his majesty went to the front of the altar and sat in St. Edward's chair for the actual unction. There also he received the regalia and the crown. During the presentation of the regalia his majesty went to the altar and offered the sword, which he redeemed. Being crowned, the King was conducted to the theatre and there enthroned. There also he received the homage. The Queen now knelt at a faldstool before the altar and was there anointed and crowned, afterwards taking her seat on her throne on the theatre. Both King and Queen now went to the altar to receive the communion, and the King made his oblation of a pall and an ingot of gold. Their majesties then retired to their "traverses" in St. Edward's Chapel (to the east of the sanctuary) and put on the robes worn during the recess or solemn procession back to the great west door of the Abbey, from which they departed crowned and bearing their rods and sceptres.

—Illustrated London News.

Private Spies Who Smirch Virtue a Present-Day Pest as Odious as Informers of Old

Their Sole Aim Is to "Get" the Victim, Whoever He Be—Slimy Trail Exposed in Lorimer Case.

THE trail of the spy was struck the other day by the committee investigating the right of Mr. Lorimer to sit in the United States Senate. Revelations that detectives have been seeking evidence with which to discredit witnesses against Lorimer, and that even members of the Senate had been threatened, broke like a storm over the investigation and brought it to a temporary halt. An hour's executive session followed, during which Clarence Funk made startling disclosures. The general manager of the International Harvester Company repeated to the Senate investigating committee the conversation in which Edward Hines requested him to contribute \$50,000 to a \$100,000 fund used in electing Senator Lorimer. Upon being asked for the reasons which prompted him to withhold this information from the public so long Mr. Funk said for his own sake and for the sake of his company he could not afford to get mixed up in the affair.

"How could it affect you personally?" asked Senator Kenyon.

"In many ways, such as being followed night and day by hired detectives and receiving all sorts of threats over the telephone and by mail," he replied.

"Do you mean that you have been watched?" pursued Senator Kenyon.

"I have been watched by four detectives in the hire of Edward Hines, night and day since I testified before the Illinois investigating committee. They followed me to this room this morning."

Now, it is a fact well known in medical and legal annals that one of the most terrible threats on the lips of the type of lawyer who squelches undesirable persons for his employers is that he will put detectives on the trail.

Conan Doyle and William Gillette have given us a high class of investigator to the business of shadowing the suspect, and that one wouldn't in the least mind having drop into tea, but the average "detective" hired to get persons guilty or suspected of crime is sometimes a lower type of criminal than any he hunts.

He is paid \$5 or \$10 a day to produce certain evidence, and obtain it he must or lose his job. He is provided with money by means of which to procure the specially desirable fact or falsehood about his quarry. He will annoy, harass and threaten a victim to the point of desperation in efforts that are often planned to create a scene or disturbance which might lead itself to the general scheme against the person to be run down.

The sleuth of this sort seldom or never sees the individual whose work he is to do. The big lawyer hires the small lawyer, and the little one engages the agency.

The agency assigns the sleuth to the business of shadowing the suspect, and this process means that he is to force himself into hotel rooms and apartments under the various pretences that are made in such cases, using money freely to fee waiters, bell boys, elevator men, and even telephone operators.

Life becomes intensely exciting and dramatic—even amusing—to the persons so shadowed. After a month or so of it, when the watch is taken off, after having proved futile, existence becomes quite tame and spiritless to the suspect.

If a woman, she misses the joy of getting the hidden note with the investigator to the business of shadowing the suspect, and that one wouldn't in the least mind having drop into tea, but the average "detective" hired to get persons guilty or suspected of crime is sometimes a lower type of criminal than any he hunts.

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instructed: "Look out, lady, the man at the next table is watching you. He is a private detective."

Of course, women are especially the victims of this sort of annoyance. Men have their fists and are not slow to recognize and resent the professional hound's methods. But women—some women—are easily frightened and others are easily caught. The woman subjected to this form of insult usually develops her class.

The "lady" is, of course, at a terrible disadvantage. The rowdy woman, on the contrary, is never in the least appalled by the sleuth. She often turns on her assailant in the street, restaurant or car, and in language which carries thorough conviction of her nerve and ability to defend herself tells her tormentor to seek a celebrated winter resort.

This bit of verbal jitsu seldom fails to send her assailant back to the right about—for the time being at least. He is often a coward easily intimidated, for he knows right well that the law provides for his punishment, and that not even the badge on his suspender or the "papers" he bears will always save him a kicking from the first pugnacious man who sees his despicable game.

But the "nice" woman does not know how to drive the keyhole Sherlock Holmes back to his office with the report that some other line of attack must be taken. She is likely to be overwhelmed with fear of the hired bloodhound, terrified with the idea of the hidden hand raised against her—often the very one which should protect

separate manhood from degeneracy would subject any woman to this street trailing and insult. Let us be charitable as possible and admit that no man except a lawyer or a detective, knows quite the extent of the horrors that can be opened up for the "mark" in the case.

But the man behind the checkbook is probably aware that the trick can be done. Roger O'Meara, Chief of Police of Pittsburgh, once told the writer of this that in the big cities anything can be done with money.

The doors can be caught and punished, of course, if their crime is found out. But there is no way of forestalling the plots that are laid, silently, stealthily, day by day, and night by night.

Hence the Eleventh Commandment—Don't get kitched!

The woman hound who is put on the job labelled "important" simply knows that he is to get the quarry. Even with the woman criminal—the woman who doesn't care—the method is horrible. If she is a bad woman, then surely such a process is not necessary to prove her so. If she is a decent woman, then the crime against her must rank as one of the lowest in the lexicon.

Many a sin is noble in comparison with this. The wife-beater becomes a knight beside the male thing that, in his anxiety to obtain evidence against a sinning wife or cast-off mistress, directs the very mud to be thrown which is to be used in court to smirch and blacken her name.

And the horror of it—which alienists well

know helps to fill their hospitals—is something that every ordinarily honest man or woman must feel against this secret trailing of them, which they can only learn by degrees, through innuendo, glance or pitying smile, the anonymous warning, coming sometimes out of a clear sky, impossible to understand.

The birds of the underworld are superior to these terrors—immune to the still hunt. The street walker, the footpad, the thief—do not much fear insult or arrest. But how about loosening the dogs on the weak, the weary—even sometimes on the poor devils of women who are trailed around as they go on their daily hunt for an honest living which depends largely on their honest means?

Let us hope that Mayor Gaynor or some of the amateur Justices that are enfilading the muckraker in the 15-cent magazines in defence of the good, the beautiful and the true will take up the shame of the private sleuth system!

The third degree practised by the police and the grilling to which private detective agencies subject their victims are no idle dreams. While alleged to be the products of our American police methods, such an ordeal really dates back to other ages and peoples. It was originally a psychological trick to force the guilty wretch to confession when confronted suddenly by his dead victim, the scene of his crime, or the weapon with which it was done. Now it is used as a force to drive a suggestion home to the brain of some harried suspect when circumstances make it necessary that

a victim must be found.

Watch or hunt down a woman or a man, fill the air with whispers about them, leer and sneer at them from corners, and if they are not actually leather-bid as to sensibility there will be but one natural instinct—flight.

And flight, as a rule, is accepted as guilt, just as suicide is said to be confession! A jackal lawyer perhaps wrote that epitaph on the tombstone of some one he had hounded to self-destruction.

We are all cowards in the dark, some one has said. Certainly we are when we are trailed after in the shadows—when the footsteps of some sinister fate sounds ever at our back and refuses to meet us face to face. It is full of forecast of evil and threat. It is a hand at the throat, which cannot be reached in self-defence.

To be specific, shadowing is but a name in the work of the detective who is employed to get evidence against a woman. He does not only shadow but often openly annoys and insults. He may not even know the character of the charge against his prey. What he does know is that some interested person with money to squander on his vengeance is willing to spend ten dollars a day and expenses to run her down.

His orders are to make her acquaintance in a street flirtation, if possible, or get her to write a letter making an appointment. Anything that may lead to a hotel or to some place where interested aids can be planted to discover her. And the "detective" has an even finer piece of work to

do in covertly blackening her character or attempting to do so by going about after her in the course of an ordinary day's shopping or of social engagements.

He drops hints, here and there, asks queer questions, shows his tin badge, explains that she is being shadowed, etc., by orders from—well, he can say from Police Headquarters if he chooses—the higher up he gets his authority the better. At once the woman is written down as a hunted, marked creature—an atmospheric effect surrounds her that it is impossible to escape from!

And jackal lawyers have learned this lesson also. The whispered word is carried on its bitter, deadly way to damn a character—to prepare a pathway for some proceeding to follow—to justify or bolster up some past line of conduct. Some slick persons first hang the dog—and then have their evidence all ready, neatly docketed to give it the bad name when it is not able even to yelp.

One of the oldest means of satisfying a cheap envy or spite is to destroy the reputation. This woman is —; you may take your pick of several things she should not be and, in all probability, is not, otherwise such tactics would not be necessary. But the work of hurting the name—injuring the credit—goes on. The spies wear their little webs—all forgetful of the Big Detective, Truth, that generally but not always sends its floods of light from the sky to shame the faces of the women hounders and their masters.

Amateur criminologists stroke their chins

By Outrageous Trick and Device They Frequently Hound or Trap Decent Women to Ruin.

old age, racial, or a family inheritance, which crops out in palace as in hovel.

A workmanman is affronted by one of his own class—called some nasty name, insulted, and his fist shoots out, landing a wallop on his opponent's jaw. Maybe he doesn't mean to kill or thinks he doesn't. But it happens that way. Motive? To hit back hard. Few of us are free from this instinct, that has something to do with self-preservation. This is not beautiful, but it is true.

The rough man battles in the open with his fists. The elegant man used to duel with his opponent for what he called his "honor." The political trowel hires a thug, who lies in wait for his foe with a club.

None of these men would touch hired detectives, although they might beat or kill their wives if decided. The man who gets the private hound to run down his quarry is generally of a different make-up. He works under cover.

Motives are not always important. What was important in the world that spring morning when Cain killed his brother? Nothing greater perhaps than a quarrel over a plum ripening on one of the trees.

There are many and varied passions that come under the name of love, inspiring in their retarded forces the most horrible revenges. There is envy, that still spits its slime of malice over success. There are business competitions that call out the most squalid attacks. We are still in the cave days in our hearts—some of us. The Cudahys and the Crippens, primitive and without ethics, simply see red—and strike.

Very often the poor bloodhounds who push their way into a home to search the cupboards for things that are not there need the money they get for their false testimony to buy bread.

It is the evil of the system that should be abolished. There should be punishments to fit the crime of woman hounding, as also to fit the wickedness of "evidence" cunningly manufactured by spies at the behest of the real criminals higher up.

These sleuths who start in to dig a grave for a political or business foe or for some poor lady love who refuses to play dead-sitting in their comfortable studies, pressing buttons, pulling wires and sending hired hounders out to compass the mission of destroying character—lose sight of the fact that life, after all, is not a magnificent system of wire pulling—that God rules and the government of law and order still lives.

The private sleuth system—the woman hounders and their employers—should be raked into the mire, that decent folk may step aside and let the muddy stream flow by to lose itself.

KATE MASTERSON.

NO RESEMBLANCE.

"Now, Nora," said the departing physician to the Irish girl, who was nursing a bad case of fever, "if the patient sees snakes again, give him a dose of this medicine. I shall be in at 6."

The hour for his return arrived. The physician came more visited the sick patient, and found him raving. He had been so, said the nurse, for hours.

"And did you give him the medicine?" inquired the puzzled doctor.

"But didn't I tell you to give it to him if he saw snakes again?" demanded the physician.

"He didn't say he saw snakes this toime, doctor," replied the nurse, confidently. "He said he saw red-white-and-blue turkeys wid straw hats on 'em—Tut-tut-tut."

SPOILED.

Mrs. Gillet (over the phone)—I want to complain of a mistake in our order.

Caterer—What was wrong?

Mrs. Gillet—There was a little ice cream in that salt you sent us.—Life.

